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## The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR  
M'GUTHCHEON

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(Continued.)

Deppingham told him of the scheme  
proposed by Saunders, treating it as a  
vast joke. Chase showed a momen-  
tary sign of uneasiness, but covered  
it instantly by laughing with the oth-  
ers. Strange to say, he had been in-  
structed from London to look out for  
just such a coup on the part of the  
hairs—not that the marriage could be  
legally established, but that it might  
create a complication worth avoiding.

He could not help looking from Lady  
Deppingham to Bobby Browne, a calcu-  
lating gleam in his gray eyes. How  
very dangerous she could be! He was  
quite ready to feel very sorry for  
pretty Mrs. Browne. He sat opposite  
to the princess. His eyes were re-  
freshing themselves after months of  
fatigue; his blood was coursing through  
new veins. And yet his head was  
aching his heart a fool.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### THE PRINCESS GOES GALLOPING.

A WEEK passed—an interesting  
week in which few things hap-  
pened openly, but in which  
the entire situation underwent  
a subtle but complete change. The  
mail steamer brought disconcerting  
news from London. Chase was obliged  
to tell the islanders that notice of  
a contest had been filed. The lineal  
heirs had pooled their issues and were  
now fighting side by side. The mat-  
ter would be in chancery for months,  
even years. He could almost feel the  
gust of rage and disappointment that  
swept over the island, although not  
a word came from the lips of the sul-  
len population. The very silence was  
foreboding.

He did not visit the chateau during  
that perplexing week. It was hard,  
but he resolutely kept to the path of  
duty, disdaining the pleasures that  
beckoned to him. Every day he saw  
and talked with Britt and Saunders.  
They, as well as the bank Miss Pel-  
ham, gave him the "family news"  
from the chateau. It did not require  
extraordinary keenness on Chase's  
part to gather that her ladyship and  
Browne had suddenly decided to en-  
gage in what he would call a mild  
flirtation, but what Saunders looked  
upon as a real attack of love.

"If I had the nerve I'd call Browne  
good and hard," said Britt over his  
julep. "It isn't right. It isn't decent.  
The disappear for hours at a time,  
and they're always got their heads to-  
gether. Poor little Drusilla! She's  
from Boston, Chase, and can't retail-  
ate. Besides, Deppingham wouldn't  
take notice if she tried. The worst of  
it is Deppingham has got an idea that  
they may try to put him out of the  
way—him and Drusilla. Awful, isn't  
it? And, say, by the way, Saunders is  
getting to dislike you intensely."

"I can't help it if he loves the only  
stenographer on the island," said  
Chase easily. "You seem to be the  
only one who isn't in hot water all the  
time, Britt."

"Me and the princess," said Britt la-  
conically. Chase looked up quickly,  
but the other's face was as straight as  
could be. "If you were a real gentle-  
man you would come around once in  
awhile and give her something to talk  
instead of about."

"Does she talk about me?" quite  
steadily.

"They all do. I've even heard the  
white handmaidens discussing you in  
glowing terms. You're a regular mat-  
inee hero up there, my—"

"Selim!" broke in Chase. The Arab  
came to the table immediately. "Don't  
put so much liquor in Mr. Britt's  
drinks after this—mostly water." Britt  
grinned amiably.

"I say, Britt, you're not responsible  
for this affair between Browne and  
Lady Deppingham, are you?" demand-  
ed Chase abruptly.

"What do you mean?"

"I was just wondering if you could  
have put Browne up to the game in the  
hope that a divorce or two might  
solve a very difficult problem."

"Now that you mention it, I'm going  
to look up the church and colonial  
divorce laws," said Britt noncommittally  
after a moment.

"I advise you to hurry," said Chase  
coolly. "If you can divorce and marry  
'em inside of four weeks, with no  
court qualified to try the case nearer  
than India, you are a wonder."

Chase was in the habit of visiting  
the mines two or three times a week  
during work hours. The next morn-  
ing after his conversation with Britt he  
rode out to the mines. When he  
reached the brow of the last hill, over-  
looking the wide expanse in which the  
men toiled, he drew rein sharply and  
stared aghast at what lay before him.  
Five hundred half naked brown men  
were congregated in the shade of the  
trees far to the right. By the aid of  
his glasses he could see that one of  
their number was addressing them in  
an earnest, violent harangue. It was  
Von Blitz. From time to time faint  
sounds of shouts came across the valley.

Chase shuddered. He knew what it  
meant.

"How about Allah now, Selim?" he  
asked sententiously.

I don't come they will know that I  
have faked. They'll know I am  
afraid of them."

"Do not go today," persisted Selim  
doggedly. Suddenly he started, look-  
ing intently to the left along the line  
of the hill. Chase followed the direc-  
tion of his gaze and uttered a sharp  
exclamation of surprise.

Several hundred yards away, out-  
lined against the blue sky beyond the  
knob, stood the motionless figure of a  
horse and its rider—a woman in a  
green habit. Chase turned his horse's  
head and rode rapidly toward her. She  
had left the road to ride out upon the  
crest of the green knob. Chase was  
in the mood to curse her temerity.

As he came up over the slope she  
turned in the saddle to watch his ap-  
proach. He had time to see that two  
rooms from the stables were in the  
road below her. She smiled as he drew  
up beside her, not noticing his uncon-  
scious frown.

"So those are the fabulous mines of  
Japet?" she said gayly, without other  
greeting. "Where is the red glow  
from the rubies?"

"Who gave you permission to ride so  
far from the chateau?" he demanded,  
almost harshly. She looked at him in  
amazement.

"Am I a trespasser?" she asked coldly.  
"I beg your pardon," he said quickly.  
"I did not mean to offend. Don't you  
know that it is not safe for you to?"

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "I am  
not afraid of your shadows. Why  
should they disturb me?"

"Look!" He pointed to the distant  
assemblage. "Those are not shadows.  
They are men, and they are making  
ready to transform themselves into  
beasts. Before long they will strike  
Von Blitz and Rasula have sunk my  
warships. You must understand that  
it is dangerous to leave the chateau  
on such rides as this. Come! We will  
start back together—at once."

"I protest, Mr. Chase, that you have  
no right to say what I shall do or—"  
"It isn't a question of right. You  
are nearly ten miles from the chateau,  
in the most unfrequented part of the  
island. Some day you will not return  
to your friends. It will be too late to  
hunt for you then."

"How very thrilling!" she said, with  
a laugh.

"I beg of you, do not treat it so  
lightly," he said, so sharply that she  
flushed. He was looking intently in  
the direction of the men. She was not  
slow to see that their position had  
been discovered by the miners. "Will  
you come with me now?"

"It seems so absurd! But I will  
come, of course. I have no desire to  
cause you any uneasiness."

As they rode swiftly back to the tree  
lined road a faint chorus of yells came  
to them across the valley. For some  
distance they rode without speaking  
a word to each other. They had trav-  
ersed two miles of the soft dirt road  
before Chase discovered that Selim  
was the only man following them.

The two men who had come out with  
the princess were not in sight.

"The dogs! So, you see, princess,  
your escort was not to be trusted,"  
said Chase grimly.

"But they have stolen the horses,"  
she murmured irrelevantly. "They be-  
long to the chateau stables."

"Which direction did they take, Sel-  
im?"

"They rode off by the Carter's high-  
way, excellency, toward Ararat."

"It may not appeal to your vanity,  
your highness, but it is my duty to in-  
form you that they have gone to re-  
port our clandestine meeting."

"Clandestine! What do you mean,  
sir?"

"The islanders are watching me like  
hawks. Every time I am seen with  
any one from the chateau they add a  
fresh nail to the coffin they are prepar-  
ing for me. It's really more serious  
than you imagine. I must therefore  
forbid you to ride outside of the park."

"I dare say you are right, Mr. Chase,"  
she said at last, quite frankly.

"I thank you."

"I am glad that you understand," he  
said simply. His gaze was set straight  
before him, keen, alert, anxious.

"I begin to fear, Mr. Chase," she  
said, with a faint smile, "that Lady  
Deppingham deceived me in suggest-  
ing Japet as a rest cure. It may in-  
terest you to know that the court at  
Rapp-Thorberg has been very gay this  
winter. My brother, Christobal, has  
been with us after two years' absence.  
He came with his wife from the ends  
of the earth, and my father forgave  
him in good earnest. Christobal was  
very disobedient in the old days. He  
refused to marry the girl my father  
chose for him. Was it not foolish of  
him?"

"Not if it has turned out well in the  
end."

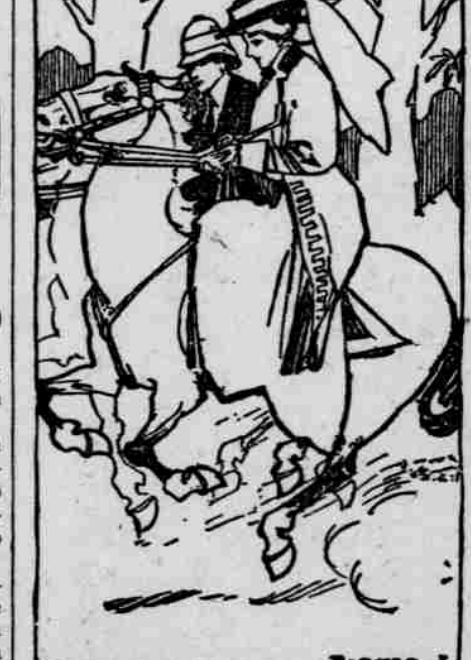
"I dare say it has—or will. She is  
delightful. My father loves her. And  
my father—the grand duke, I should  
say—does not love those who cross  
him. One is very fortunate to have  
been born a prince." He thought he  
detected a note of bitterness in this  
rally.

"I can conceive of no greater for-  
tune than to have been born Prince  
Karl of Brabets," he said lightly. She  
flushed a quick glance at his face, her  
eyes narrowing in the effort to divine  
his humor.

"As I was saying," she resumed after  
a moment, "Lady Deppingham has  
lured me from sun showers into the  
tempest. Mr. Chase—and her face

was suddenly full of real concern—"Is  
there truly great danger?"

"I fear so," he answered. "It is only  
a question of time. I have tried to  
check this uprising, but I've failed.  
Last night Von Blitz, Rasula and three  
others came to the bungalow and cool-  
ly informed me that my services were



"Will you come with me now?"

no longer required. I told them to  
go to."

"I understand," she said quickly. "It  
required courage to tell them that."  
He smiled.

"They protested friendship, but I  
can read very well as I run. But can't  
we find something more agreeable to  
talk about? May I say that I have  
not seen a newspaper in three months?  
There must be news that you can give  
me. I am hungry for it."

"You poor man! No newspapers! Then  
you don't know what has hap-  
pened in all these months?"

"Nothing since before Christmas.  
Would you like to see a bit of news  
that I clipped from the last Paris pa-  
per that came into my hands?"

"Yes," she said, vaguely disturbed.  
He drew forth his pocketbook and  
took from its interior a small bit of  
paper. She read it at a glance and  
handed it back. A faint touch of red  
came into her cheeks.

"How very odd! Why should you  
have kept that bit of paper all these  
months?"

"You have been married nearly three  
months," he said reflectively—"three  
months and two days, to be precise."

She laughed outright, a bewitching,  
merry laugh that startled him.

"How accurate you would be!" she  
exclaimed. "It would be a highly in-  
teresting achievement, Mr. Chase, if  
it were only borne out by facts. You  
see, I have not been married so much  
as three minutes."

He stared at her, uncomprehending.

She went on, "Do you consider it bad  
luck to postpone a wedding?"

Involuntarily he drew his horse  
closer to hers. There was a new  
gleam in his eyes. Her blood leaped  
at the challenge they carried.

"Very bad luck," he said quite stead-  
ily, "for the bridegroom."

In an instant they seemed to un-  
derstand something that had not even  
been considered before. She looked  
away, but he kept his eyes fast upon  
her half turned face, finding delight in  
the warm tint that surged so shame-  
lessly to her brow. He wondered if  
she could hear the pounding of his  
heart above the thud of the horses' feet.

"We are to be married in June," she  
said, somewhat defiantly. Some of the  
light died in his eyes. "Prince Karl  
was very ill. They thought he might  
die. His—his studies—his music, I  
mean, proved more than he could  
carry. It—it is not serious. A nerv-  
ous breakdown," she explained haltingly.  
"It was necessary to postpone the  
marriage. He will be quite well  
again, they say, by June."

"I hope he may be fully recovered,  
for your sake," he managed to say.

"Thank you." After a long pause  
she turned to him again and said, "We  
are to live in Paris for a year or two  
at least."

"He is in Paris now?"

"No," she answered, and that was  
all. He waited, but she did not ex-  
pand her confidence.

"So it is to be in June," he mused.  
"In June," she said quietly. He  
sighed.

"I am more than sorry that you are  
a princess," he said boldly.

"I am quite sure of that," she said,  
so pointedly that he almost gasped.  
She was laughing comfortably, a mis-  
chievous gleam in her dark eyes. His  
laugh was as awkward as hers was  
charming.

"You do like to be flattered," he ex-  
claimed at random. "And I shall take  
it upon myself to add to today's mea-  
sure." He again drew forth his pocket-  
book. She looked on curiously. "Per-  
mit me to restore the lace handker-  
chief which you dropped some time  
ago. I've been keeping it for myself,  
but—"

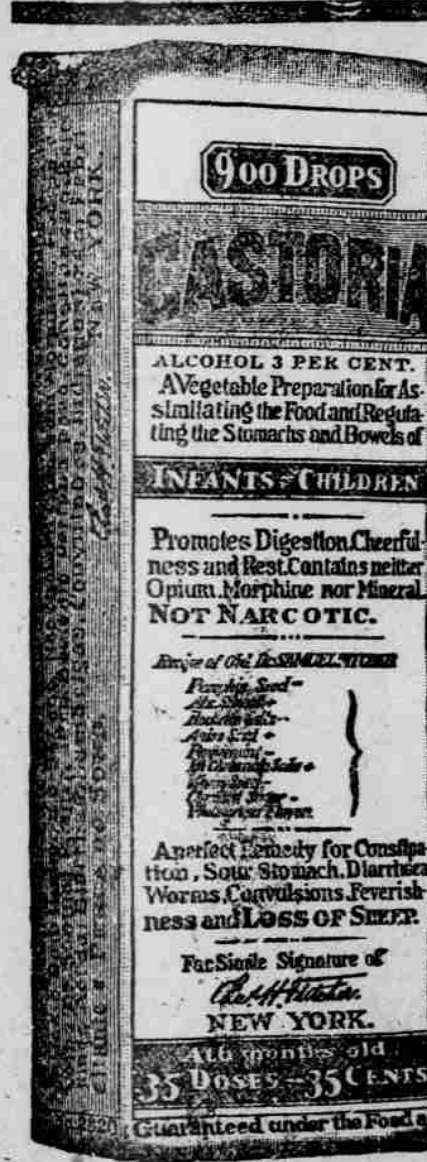
"My handkerchief?" she gasped, her  
thoughts going at once to that ridicu-  
lous incident of the balcony. "It must  
belong to Lady Deppingham."

"Oh, it isn't the one you used on  
the balcony," he protested coolly. "It  
antecedates that adventure."

"Balcony? I don't understand you,"  
she contested.

"Then you are exceedingly obtuse."  
"I never dreamed that you could  
see," she confessed pathetically.

(To be Continued.)



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